THE CHARACTER

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY

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On the twelfth of February, 1809, a child was born in Hardin County, Ky., in the midst of the meanest and most inauspicious surroundings. The house, in which he made his advent to the world, was a rude log-cabin. It was situated in a wilderness; not a neighbor was to be found within two miles. The parents of the child were exceedingly poor: when, some seven years after his birth, they sold their homestead, it brought only ten barrels of whiskey, valued at $280, and $20 in money. They were, also, exceedingly illiterate. The father could neither read, nor write. The mother could read, but not write. A home in the almost unbroken backwoods; poor and uneducated parents; an obscure family name; a social circle, composed of wild, ferocious, lawless Indians, and scarcely more civilized white men; an absence of all educational and refining influence; no great connections in the world to take him by the hand, and help him up: these formed the heritage which descended to the newborn babe.

A little over half a century later, the lifeless body of that boy, then a man in his 57th year, lay in state in the Presidential Mansion at Washington. A costly coffin, worth far more probably than all the worldly possessions that his father had ever had, elevated upon a magnificent catafalque, held him in the calm repose of a peaceful sleep. Around him, and in the midst of the emblems of a deep gloom, a heart-felt sorrow, and a spontaneous tribute of respect and admiration, were grouped men who, by the most brilliant achievements in the service of the great Republic, had won a world-wide reputation, as men of great intellectual and active power. The newly sworn-in President of the United States, and the members of his cabinet; Senators and Representatives; Governors and Judges; military and naval heroes; scholars and merchant princes; domestic statesmen and foreign ministers representing the great nations of the world, stood around the open coffin, while a reverend minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, in words of truth and soberness, delineated the virtues and the works of the great soul that had dwelt in the corpse. At the same hour, in hundreds of churches, from Maine to California, multitudes hung, in silent grief, upon the words of preachers, who discoursed about a great national loss. Nothing else was thought of. A wail of sorrow had gone up over all the land. The national heart of twenty millions of people throbbed through the great east-room of the Executive mansion. The American people were a family of mourners; and evidences of mourning, unparalleled in the history of the world, were exhibited. Private houses, places of business, churches, municipal buildings, newspapers,

pulpits, in town and in country, were festooned in sorrow. Business was suspended: exchanges and marts of trade were deserted. Crowds surged through the streets, borne along by a mighty wave of grief and of indignation—quiet, subdued, leaden. Any words that were spoken, were words in praise of the deceased, mingled with expressions of the gall of bitterness against the assassin, and those who were supposed to be associated with him. No one could, with safety, have spoken otherwise. The people had the will to tear in pieces any man, who would have had the hardihood to breathe a censure upon the President whose loss they mourned. Native born and foreign; white and black; Republican and Democrat; Unionist and Secessionist; loyalist and rebel; Protestant and Catholic; Jew and Gentile; Christian and Infidel; politicians and private citizens; civilians and soldiers; rich and poor; educated and ignorant; men and women; fathers and sons; mothers and maidens; old men, tottering to their graves, and school-boys, with the hilarity of youth subdued by the strange scene, vied with each other in demonstrations of sorrow and of admiration. Never before, did such a heart pulsate, in such a way, through all ranks and conditions of man. The flags of our own country, and of all nations in our ports, were at half-mast. The lightning, that spread the news of the death through our land, flashed it over the neighboring provinces of Canada; and they joined in the expressions of grief, as if they were one people with us. When, in the course of days, it reached the shores of the old world, the nations forgot their nationality, and felt and spoke as if they had lost one of

their best rulers. From individuals, and from public bodies, from the lowest corporations and from the dignified houses of Parliament, expressions of condolence were sent to a bereaved people. The English House of Lords overlooked the pride of birth and aristocratic rule, and departing, with striking unanimity, from all precedent, did what they had never done before on the death of even the mightiest of foreign monarchs. And the Queen and Empress, of two of the most powerful countries in the world, overstepped the bounds of royal etiquette, and, simply as women, addressed autograph letters of sympathy to a bereaved, but untitled widow.

Here are the two extremes in the earthly existence of Abraham Lincoln. Great is the contrast. Emerging from obscurity, he was first chosen, by his fellow-citizens, to various subordinate positions of honor and of usefulness, and then elevated to the highest office in the gift of the American people, at a time when the eyes of the civilized world were, in a peculiarly intense manner, bent upon him, and upon his country. His mission was to guide the nation through the agony of a second birth. The work was a most difficult and delicate one. Its successful completion almost called for superhuman energies. He entered upon it an unknown man; and it, necessarily, exposed him to slander and misrepresentation. He could not be conscientious without meeting with ill-natured opposition from all quarters. He was looked upon with suspicion, and sharply censured, by some who professed to be on the same side with him. As the representative of the nation's sovereignty, in its conflict with the serpent

brood of treason, he was hissed at, and stung, in the most malignant way, by those whom it was his duty to crush. Foreigners, receiving their impressions from the descriptions of mercenary scribblers, joined in a ferocious outcry against him. The burden of a tremendous war rested heavily upon a people unused to it; and that was laid at his door in order to excite popular discontent against him. For nearly four years did he thus go on, with an enormous responsibility resting upon his shoulders, and amid the vilest vituperation; but so faithfully, and acceptably, did he fulfil the duties of his high office, that he was re-elected in a manner the most flattering; and, when, in the hour of triumph, while the insurgent force was disorganized and broken, and the flag of the Union was waving higher than ever, he was malignantly assassinated—the voice of calumny on him was hushed. Reviled, as perhaps no man had ever been before, his revilers had already begun to admit that they were wrong. On his death, they retracted their foul charges, and pronounced the most fulsome eulogies on his character. It was a grand tribute which one, who is charged with being implicated in the conspiracy to murder him, paid—though with the remembrance of the way in which such persons maligned him while he was living, it stings us with indignation to read it—when he wrote:

"It is true he has prosecuted the war against the State to which I deemed my highest allegiance due, with such unremitting energy and extraordinary success as to destroy our last hopes. But those who knew him best claimed for him humane and kindly qualities that 'would have plead like angels against the deep damnation of his taking off.' The surrender of our armies, and the general capitulation that ensued, inspired us with the hope that these properties would be exercised towards an overpowered but

honorable foe, and that kindly consideration would impel him to exercise his power in healing the yet fresh bleeding wounds of our country. Indeed, it is known that several of our most eminent public men, among them Generals Lee and Johnston, partaking of this confidence, promptly declared that the death of Mr. Lincoln was a great calamity to the South."

The pistol ball of the assassin, too, removed the cataract from the eye of those who had before been simply blind to the excellence of the man: for—

> "In this dim world of clouding cares,
> We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes,
> See white wings lessening up the skies,
> The angels with us unawares."

The titled nobility of earth paid the tribute of greatness to the man of no ancestral name. The rich delighted to honor the memory of the child of poverty. The cultivated and refined bowed before the heir of ignorance. He had a great mission to perform, and it came to be universally admitted that he had performed it nobly and successfully, and he died,

> Our chief of men, who through a cloud,
> Not of war only, but detractions rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
> To peace and truth his glorious way had plough'd;
> And on the neck of crowned fortune proud,
> Had reared God's trophies, and his work pursued.

We seek, to-day, for the explanation of the wonderful rise and success of this man; of the unspotted reputation with which he died; and of the tributes which have been paid to him from so many, and such diverse quarters.

The physical organization of Abraham Lincoln must not be overlooked, as one of the sources of his success. The great practical men of the world have been, not

necessarily of large, but of strong bodily frames. To the heathen philosopher, a sound mind in a sound body seemed the greatest good. Both are needed, to make a man successful, in the world's trying times and difficult enterprises. A weak body would not have carried the Chief Magistrate of the United States through the terrible war of the rebellion. The wear and tear of excitement, the immense variety of matters demanding personal and continued attention, the ungracious criticisms of friends and foes, the misunderstandings and the heart-burnings, the gloom of defeat and the exhiliration of success, above all, the excruciating sufferings of so many of his countrymen on the battle fields, and in the hideous prisons of the South, would have undermined a delicate organization. The poignant feelings of a deeply sympathising heart would have dissolved a weak tenement, and laid it in an untimely grave. As it was, the President became haggard and care-worn. Nor would a very nervous system have permitted him to go along, cheerfully and buoyantly, under the heavy load. Much of what is called bad temper is the result of a peculiarly sensitive, nervous organism, for which the sufferer is more to be pitied than censured. It depresses the spirits, makes its possessor very restive under rebuke and apparent insults, and leads to many a hasty word which offends the inconsiderate, raises up enemies, and causes the best plans to fail.

God gave the child Abraham, through his parents, a strong body; and his early life developed it, and peculiarly prepared him for his trying position. His boyish years were spent in poverty and toil. Before he was

eight years old, his father removed from Kentucky to Indiana. A flat-boat had to be made; a road had to be cut through a wilderness, which was, in many places, so thick that it took several days to travel eighteen miles; during a seven days' journey, over an uninhabited country, the family had to camp out in the open air, with nothing but a blanket for a bed; arrived at the place of their destination, a rude house had to be constructed; and through all this the boy of eight years had to rough and help. There he spent the next twelve years of his life, toiling hard, helping to improve the little tract of land, felling trees, splitting rails, using the rifle to bring down game for the family use. A fine physical training he was thus securing. He was laying up the strength, which, in his nineteenth year, with but one companion, on a flat-boat expedition to New Orleans, enabled him to beat back, by sheer force, a party of negroes, who made a midnight attack on his cargo; and, afterwards, kept him firm at the helm, while he repelled the heavier attacks which were made upon the ship of state. That life did more for him. He was then acquiring that physical courage which kept his eye from quailing under any danger; in calm confidence led him to the captured Richmond, when he admitted that if any other man, as President, had gone there he would have feared for him; and made him restive under an escort, which thoughtful minds prepared for him, and which might have preserved him from the fatal ball in the end.

It is true that this discipline did not develope his form into a beautiful and graceful one. His warmest friends could not claim that for him. They could de-

clare that "his large eyes, in their softness and beauty, expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness," and that a pleasant smile frequently brought out, more vividly, the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. But he was a wiry, awkward giant. He was six feet four inches high; his arms were long, almost disproportionately so; his mouth and nose were both exceedingly large; his features were coarse; his large hands exhibited the traces of toil. He was not specially attentive to dress, though by no means slovenly. The formal politeness of fashionable life he had not; though the gentleness of the unspoiled child of nature he had. He was not able, with the exchange of the buckskin clothes, and the raccoon cap of his childhood, for the broadcloth of his elevated position, easily to adopt all the fashionable conventionalities. He said once that he had never studied the art of paying compliments to women, yet they never received a grander one than he paid when he declared, "if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world, in praise of women, were applied to American women, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war." The habitués of the Capital, who had formed their notions of life from the studied, stately manners of Southern rulers, sneered at what they styled the President's awkwardness, his uncouth form, his shambling gait, his badly-fitting suit of broadcloth; and their lip curled at the idea of such a man ruling over the chivalrous, gentlemanly South. They did not look through the body to the soul which it contained. They forgot that the mind is the noblest part of the man, and that

"Beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

They soon learned that that homely body had within it a spirit, which was more than a match for all the haughty mind of the rebellion. If the casket was not beautiful and studded with jewels, it was strong, and it held securely a gem which was both strong and beautiful.

In an exceedingly modest sketch of his life, which Mr. Lincoln wrote for the compiler of the Congressional Biographical Dictionary, one paragraph was, "Education defective." During only six months of his life did he attend school. He never became learned in the literature or science of the world. We look in vain through his speeches and his writings, for references or quotations which indicate a wide acquaintance with other intellects. The books, with which he became acquainted in his boyhood, were few, though his whole course shows that he studied them thoroughly, and that they exercised a moulding influence over his mind. It would not be difficult to trace the influence of each of them in forming his peculiar character. They were the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Life of Washington, and Life of Clay. To the credit of his father it should be stated, that, ignorant as he was himself, he appreciated the value of an education, and sought to give all that he could to his son. But in the little that he received of early training his mother is the prominent figure. And here it is the good old story over again:—

"The Father of the families of the earth seems to have ordained that of almost all hallowed wisdom, brave patriotism, and sincere philanthropy,

one original and affecting condition should be a believing mother. With hardly a noted exception, the line of the world's prophets and heroes, from Samuel the Hebrew to Washington the American, illustrates the beauty of that law. Behind each masterly and memorable figure of man appears some gentle, retreating form of woman, kneeling in prayer; some earnest, sad, hopeful face, tender with tears, but strong with the lines of resolution, patience, constancy; the mother silently disappearing from the scene as the son comes forward to his command."*

Abraham's mother was a Christian. She taught her son to read, and before her death, in his tenth year, she had led him to the reading of *the* Book. Nothing is more suggestive of their deprivation of educational and religious advantages, than the fact that, on the boy learning to write, some nine months after his mother's death, he sent a letter, in the name of his father, requesting a travelling minister to come and preach her funeral sermon, which was done some three months after the writing of the letter, and a year after the death. A funeral sermon a year after burial! But Abraham made the best use of his powers, and of such advantages as he had. After days of toil, the evenings were spent in the reading of such books as he could lay his hands upon. The result was the development of one of the most original and masterly minds in American history.

Its predominant characteristic was a strong, remarkably robust common sense, which balanced and modulated all his powers. There was nothing awry about his intellect. He had not that disordered fancy which, "misjoining shapes, wild works produces oft." His perceptions were clear. He possessed a singular power of cutting through all extraneous circumstances, and

* "Hours at Home," for May, p. 23.

going to the real heart-question which was involved in any matter, and a peculiarly happy way of exposing the weak point, or the absurdity, of a false position. At the touch of his truthful mind many a specious fallacy was laid bare and appeared in its true light: for

> "——No falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness."

In doing this his illustrations, if not highly imaginative and rhetorical, but on the contrary homely and palpable to the common people, were exceedingly forcible. His mind was not warped by prejudices. It was a remarkably concrete mind. He could not dwell in the region of abstractions. He was not satisfied until he had brought principles down to their practical applications; nor would he apply them stiffly and inflexibly, without reference to modifying circumstances. He was not a man of one idea. He had no hobby. Political principles, he believed, were to a large extent matters of expediency. They had not the same rigidity as moral truths; and therefore, with a strong faith in the devotion of the American people to the principles of Republican government, and to their Union and Constitution, in the performance of his great mission, he kept abreast of them, quickly interpreting their position, and adapting his action to their preparation for it; and, in this way, he both led them and was led by them. "It is the characteristic of most men, either from temperament or education, to lean decidedly either to the conservative or the progressive tendency, which forms respectively the basis of our parties."* Mr.

* Everett's Eulogy on John Quincy Adams.

Lincoln was as far as the poles from the radical destructives; and there was blended in his mind, in a most harmonious degree, both the conservative and the progressive tendencies; and it was that union which fitted him for the position, to which he was called, in the most critical period of our history.

He was industrious in the acquisition of information. He gave his personal attention to small, as well as to great, matters in his administration, received all persons who called upon him, and patiently listened to the expression of their views. He thus kept himself in contact with the public mind, and was the receptacle of views and opinions from all quarters. Then his judicial mind weighed them all, and formed his own conclusions. His judgment was calm and accurate. It moved slowly and deliberately; sometimes too slowly for this telegraphic age. He sought for all the light he could get before coming to a decision, and, until he had that, he was not ashamed to hesitate, with the confession that he was not prepared to express a final opinion. Between his first election and inauguration, and especially during his triumphal progress to Washington, while State after State was seceding and making every preparation for war, the anxiety was great to have him give some intimation of the policy which he would adopt; but he resolutely declined to do so until he had a clear view, from a lofty point, around the whole horizon. He had no procrustean bed, on which he was determined to stretch the nation, even if it should be racked and ruined thereby.

Beyond all doubt his mind was one of great logical power. I think his celebrated Cooper Institute speech

is an exhibition of argumentative energy, such as can scarcely be found elsewhere in our current political literature. It is a piece of remorseless reasoning, from beginning to end. There is in it a particularity and a grouping of facts, an exhibition of principles, and a calmness of reasoning, which almost make it irresistible. There is nothing specially elegant or eloquent in it, as those words are commonly understood; no declamation, no imagination, no impassioned appeal. It is simply an earnest, logical talk with his hearers. And it is a fair representative of Mr. Lincoln's speeches and writings generally. I cannot recall a passage in any of them which addresses the baser passions; he ever appeals over them to men's sober judgment. He talks as an earnest man who wishes to reach the understandings of his hearers. He does not try to excite them. His effort is to convince and persuade by the presentation of truth. His language is exceedingly terse, always clear, often beautiful. Some excellent gems of thought and expression, especially some admirable proverbial expressions could be culled from his speeches, his messages, his letters. He is peculiarly careful to guard against wrong interpretations, and therefore he is very precise, often repeating his statements, in different forms, so as to place them on a right basis. A striking feature in his style consists in his interrogations. They are never unmeaning, never simply dramatic, and for stage effect. Generally they form a concentrated and overwhelming argument.

The crowning glory of his understanding was its devotion to the truth. He was an earnest seeker after that all his life. Basing his well-settled views upon

it, there was no vacillation about his course. He was not a mere politician. In reference to the great subject that troubled the country, politicians generally rested their views altogether on the shifting sands of political expediency, and therefore were borne hither and thither by the varying current; his were founded on the rock of truth and right, and he never changed them. He did not, like some, declare that the war had altered his views about it. That would have been a confession that he had not formed them on principle; for the bad conduct of the men of the South did not alter the moral nature of the system which prevailed among them. This devotion to the truth made him a most unselfish public man. "You may do any thing with me you choose," he said to the people of Illinois, during his exciting Senatorial contest, "if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending to no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing, Judge Douglas is nothing. But don't destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence." And he would rather be assassinated, than surrender the great principle of human freedom. This also breathed a singular earnestness through many of his official utterances. State papers are generally cold and formal productions; their expressions are stereotyped; feeling seems to be an exotic to them. It is pleasant to turn from the heart-

lessness that pervades them, and to feel the warmth of appeal which glows through one of the messages to Congress, urging an amendment to the Constitution to provide for gradual, compensated emancipation; or through his address to the people of the border States on the same subject.

These intellectual qualities would have made Mr. Lincoln a man of influence. They would not have given him the firm hold upon the affections, the deep love and admiration, which he had secured. That was largely due to the fact that he was a man of generous impulses, and of a high moral character.

It is stated that he had none of the gross vices of life. He was not a licentious man. He was not addicted to the use of profane language. He never gambled. He was temperate. He did not even use tobacco in any form. Only those who have mingled among our public men, and seen the fearful extent to which these habits prevail, can appreciate the honor which the absence of them confers upon the lamented dead.

His honesty passed into a proverb, and became his honorable and familiar title. His integrity in business matters, private and public, was beyond reproach. It was not called in question, even in the height of political excitement and vituperation. In one of his messages, he declared that " no men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned." He was a striking illustration of the remark. As early as his twenty-second year, while in charge of a mill and store, he began to be

called "honest Abe." Toiling up from obscurity and poverty, the business transactions of his private life were without blemish; and, in his administration of public affairs, he was equally free from censure. As President of the United States, at a time when the expenditures of the Government were by millions daily, he had control over enormous sums; but, we believe, his bitterest opponent has never said, that he illegally applied a dollar to his own purposes. This integrity extended, beyond his pecuniary dealings, to the discharge of the duties of his high office generally. He did not wield his great power for his personal aggrandizement. He was not a despot, seeking to build up himself and his family, or his party, on the ruins of his country. Called upon to wage war against a most tyrannical rebellion, and clothed with great power for that purpose, he did not himself become a tyrant, but gave a noble answer to the searching question—

> "Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
> And freemen find no champion and no child,
> Such as Columbia saw arise, when she
> Sprang forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?
> Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
> Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
> Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
> On infant Washington? Has earth no more
> Such seeds within her breast?"

Mistaken in his views and in his policy, many think he was; that he was honestly doing what he thought would be for the good of the country, no man will now deny. The people, and their representatives, lavishly trusted him with means, and with power, because they

believed that he would not wilfully abuse their grant; and they were not disappointed. As in private affairs he would be honest, even though it should appear to be against his personal interest for a time; so in his public administration, he would fearlessly discharge what he believed to be his duty, even if it should not fully carry out some private opinion of his own. And now, in contrast with the dishonesty, the personal ambition, the selfish aggrandizement, which have so generally marked the world's politicians, and some of its greatest and most successful statesmen, Lincoln, in the unsullied integrity of his character, stands beside Washington, and the one, as well as the other, deserves the splendid tribute which England's Poet Laureate once paid to the Iron Duke—

"While the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all land, and thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel, and pomp, and game,
And when the long illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him
Eternal honor to his name."

The naked truthfulness of Mr. Lincoln's character was very marked. To a degree greater than the most of public men, he was free from deceit and guile. His views were unconcealed, his manners unaffected. He spoke the truth in his heart. Hence he was not always a good impromptu speaker. He would not indulge in

the glorification style of American political speaking. His platform speeches, on the route from Springfield to Washington, were not satisfactory to the people generally. Feeling the truth himself, his forte was in simply expressing that and no more, and in seeking to convince others of it. When, at an early age, he moved into Illinois, the pro-slavery sentiment was very strong; but he never concealed his opposition to it. For the sake of office, he would not be hypocritical. Easy and familiar in private and social life, he was not spoiled by his elevation to power. He carried with him into public life, and into the Presidential mansion, the almost child-like simplicity, the single-heartedness, the candor which marked his private intercourse. I remember that I was struck, some two or three years ago, by a description that Dr. Russel, of the London *Times*, gave of a diplomatic interview, which the President had, with a foreign minister, who was presenting his credentials. Secretary Seward and the Minister had arrived in the reception room. In hastened Mr. Lincoln, as if about to rush forward and give the foreigner such a hearty shake of the hand as he would have given to some Western friend; while the Secretary stood, with a warning gesture, to restrain him until the formal introduction could take place, and the stately words of form be uttered. And I confess I admired the heart that still bloomed so naturally in the unhealthy atmosphere of political life.

Passing through the absence of gross vices, and the outer characteristics of morals and of manners, we think, if we are able to read Mr. Lincoln aright, that his benevolent affections were as largely developed, and his malevolent affections controlled him as little, as any

public man that America has yet produced. Sins and faults he had. Under their influence he made mistakes; but, with them all, there is a warmth and glow about his lofty soul, which sends a delightful influence through the beholder. "As far as the higher sympathies of our nature are concerned, the master affections whose sphere is far above the little conventional courtesies of life, a warmer spirit never dwelt in human frame."* His sympathy with the joys and the sorrows of others was very deep and very tender. Speaker Colfax declares that—

"No man in our era, clothed with such vast power, has ever used it so mercifully. No ruler, holding the keys of life and death, ever pardoned so many and so easily. When friends said to him they wished he had more of Jackson's sternness, he would say, 'I am just as God made me and cannot change.' It may not be generally known that his doorkeepers had standing orders from him, that, no matter how great might be the throng, if other Senators and Representatives had to wait, or to be turned away without an audience, he must see before the day closed every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life. One night in February I left all other business to ask him to respite the son of a constituent, who was sentenced to be shot, at Davenport, for desertion. He heard the story with his usual patience, though he was wearied out with incessant calls, and anxious for rest, and then replied:—'Some of our Generals declare that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends.' And with a happy smile beaming over that care-furrowed face, he signed that name that saved that life."

It was not merely those who were powerful, or could command official influence, that were thus received and evoked his sympathy. The testimony of another witness is that—

* Everett's Eulogy on John Quincy Adams.

"A large number of those whom he saw every day came with appeals to his feelings in reference to relatives and friends in confinement and under sentence of death. It was a constant marvel to me that, with all his other cares and duties, he could give so much time and be so patient with this multitude. I have known him to sit for hours, patiently listening to details of domestic troubles from poor people, much of it, of course, irrelevant, carefully sifting the facts, and manifesting as much anxiety to do exactly right as in matters of the gravest interest. Poorly-clad people were more likely to get a good hearing than those who came in silks and velvets. No one was ever turned away from his door because of poverty. If he erred, it was sure to be on the side of mercy. It was one of his most painful tasks to confirm a sentence of death. I recollect the case of a somewhat noted rebel prisoner, who had been condemned to death, I believe as a spy. A strong application had been made to have his sentence commuted. While this was pending, he attempted to escape from confinement, and was shot by the sentinel on guard. Although he richly deserved death, Mr. Lincoln told Judge Holt, in my presence, that 'it was a great relief to him that the man took his fate into his own hands.'

"If the slightest occasion existed for showing clemency he was sure to improve it.

"Judge Bates said that he had often told the President that 'he was hardly fit to be entrusted with the pardoning power.' 'Why,' said the Judge, 'he can scarcely turn away from the application (if it touches his feelings) of a man, and the tears of a woman are sure to overcome him.'"

This sympathy was extended to his own, and the public, enemies. In times the most exciting, and in view of conduct the most infamous, he yielded not to angry passion; he preserved a kindness of disposition, and an overflowing generosity, which are truly surprising. Never was a rebellion marked with the shedding of so little blood, by a Government, off the battle-field. It was not pleasant to the President to be severe. When, in the discharge of duties resting upon him with the solemnity of an oath, he was compelled to be so, he strove to temper justice with mercy. No savage, malignant, vindictiveness ruled his heart. No bitter malice sat enthroned in his soul. His beautiful words, "Malice towards none, charity towards all," are

descriptive of his official life. He could not even be drawn into a general retaliation, for the shameful barbarities, which were practiced by the insurgents, upon their prisoners of war. You shall search in vain, through his speeches and messages, for the first expression of an unchristian feeling, towards the troublers of his life, and the life of the nation. Bounden duty seemed to be all that impelled him in his course. Speaker Colfax declares that he doubts if his most intimate associate ever heard him utter, in private, a bitter or vindictive expression. When he had his enemies in his power, the lightning of resentment did not strike them; nor did he boast over his baffled foes. When he was basely struck down, he was standing between the living and the dead, and using his influence to pour oil on the troubled waters, and to soothe the angry minds of both sections of the country. He was meditating how he could keep the guilty, cruel South from the effects of the radicalism, and the high wrought indignation, of the injured North. The Cabinet meeting, on the day of his assassination, was the scene of the kindest, and most charitable expressions, even towards some of the leaders in the rebellion; and he telegraphed instructions, to a subordinate officer, in an Eastern port, to let two men, who have since been branded as conspirators against his life, quietly escape from the country. I ask you, oh, American citizens, where can you find such a political character in all the world's history?

He exhibited a refined, and singular, courtesy towards his political opponents. Even on the stump, and in the excitement and roughness of a political campaign, it is declared that, "in spite of all temptations to an opposite

course, to which he was continually exposed, no personalities against his opponent, no vituperation or coarseness, ever defiled his lips." If he was attacked, ever so sharply, while in the discharge of his difficult duties, he never answered railing with railing. When his measures were criticised, if he noticed the criticism at all, he strove, in a quiet and argumentative manner, to prove that he was right. If that failed, and his opponents still persisted, or if it was not desirable to make any explanations, he waited in quietness for the development of his measures to work out his vindication; having learned

> "——From all the ways of God,
> With a still patience and a high resolve,
> To do the deeds of life, regarding not
> If men distrust us for a little while;
> Showing, like nature, our strong energies,
> Not in the working but the finished work;
> Opening not early to the curious gaze
> Of man the fruitless blossoms of our life,
> But waiting, with a calm and steadfast heart,
> Until the genial nourishment of earth,
> The light of heaven, and dews, and falling showers,
> Shall work their gradual silent influence,
> And to perfection bring the tender plant."

When he differed from any one in opinion, he endeavored so to express the difference as not to wound feelings. His references to the numerous party in the North who opposed his policy, and whose conduct, he thought, hampered the speedy prosecution of the war to a successful issue, while he could scarcely conceal his doubt of the sincerity of some of their leaders, were marked by the same spirit. He calmly reasoned even with those whose honesty he doubted; and he more

than once declared that the great mass of the party, the rank and file, were at heart devoted to the Union, though, for the time being, as he thought, sadly misled by their chiefs. He indulged no harsh thoughts toward them. He expressed no bitter feelings about them. He would, by kindness and courtesy, draw them near, rather than by injudicious utterances drive them away. Surely, my friends, it was difficult to have hard feelings about such a man. Surely, the boasted courtesy of the knights of the middle ages, over a foe whom they had vanquished by force of arms, cannot compare with the conduct of this homely, lovely man! Surely, the vanquished themselves felt, that it did not shame them, to have met with such a conqueror!

Mr. Lincoln seemed to have no jealousy about the prominent men who coöperated with him in his great work. It is said that he endeavored to draw into his cabinet some of the Southern statesmen, who had not supported him in the election, but who were professedly Unionists. The rival candidates in his own party, for the Presidency, he did secure as his constitutional advisers. He never depreciated the successful Generals who, yet, on account of the more stirring and brilliant operations of their life, might become popular idols and overshadow him. What magnanimity runs through the short note which he wrote to General Grant, on the taking of Vicksburg, which, after giving some points of difference between them, wound up by saying, "I wish now to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong!" It is a manly thing to make acknowledgment of an error. A mean mind can scarcely be

induced to do it. A great mind can do it readily and promptly. The political friends of the President were very much attached to him. He had sometimes, for political reasons, to displace his appointees, or procure their resignation; yet there was no cooling of friendship on their part. Nor did he forget acts of kindness done to him. Gratitude towards a worthy couple for whom, in his boyhood, he worked, and who showed an interest in him, brought him forward, years after, as a volunteer counsel for a son, whose acquittal he secured on a false charge of murder. Bread cast on the waters by him, or for him, was found after many days.

There was one thing which subjected him to much censure: his jesting and story-telling. It was considered by many, as, what in truth it often is, a mark of levity of mind, and of a want of appreciation of the seriousness of life. There are some men, who,

> "———if they find
> Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
> Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
> Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
> And judge of nature from her feet of clay,
> Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
> Her god-like head, crowned with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds."

Such men kept prominent this feature in Mr. Lincoln's character, and deliberately overlooked his earnest qualities. The habit seemed to be the more exceptionable, because of the reserve, the sedateness, the gravity which marked the mind of Washington, with whom, in this respect, Mr. Lincoln appeared sadly in contrast. Perhaps he did indulge this to too great an

extent. It deserves to be noticed, however, that it is not always a mark of a light disposition, or of a deficient sense of solemn responsibility. Frequently it is but the ripple on the surface of deep, mighty, anxious minds; while it is often the means of most forcibly impressing serious truth. The Latin poet, Horace, asks,

> "———Laughing to teach the truth,
> What hinders? As some teachers give to boys,
> Junkets and knacks that they may learn apace."

And again he declares,

> "———Joking decides great things,
> Stronger and better oft than earnest can."

Some of the greatest and most earnest of historical characters have possessed this disposition. William the Silent, the liberator of Holland, and Abraham Lincoln exhibit many points of similarity. They each had a great mission of freedom to execute. Both lives were terminated by an assassin's pistol-ball. No man doubts William's zeal, and earnestness, and seriousness of mind. The heaviest of responsibilities rested upon him. He met them nobly and successfully. Yet Motley, the historian, winds up his estimate of him with words, some of which, at least, are not inappropriate to his great successor in Freedom's contest.

"His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety, at momentous epochs, was even cen-

sured by dullards who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent. He went through life, bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders, with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his life-time commended his soul in dying to his 'great Captain Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." (Motley's Hist., III. 626.)

With this example, and with the earnest words which were once forced from the President's wounded heart by a rebuke received from one of his party,—"You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die,"—those who cannot altogether approve the habit can at least excuse it. I suppose he exhibited in it his natural temperament: God made him that way: and it is not improper to infer that, forseeing the heavy woes that were coming upon the land, and the ponderous work that was to be done, and determining to raise up Abraham Lincoln to accomplish it, the Divine One gave him that disposition, to enable him, the more successfully, to bear up under the toil and vexation of spirit, which he would have to endure. We know that an inspired writer has declared that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Mr. Lincoln had a strong will. I suppose it is thought by many, that his great failure lay in the want of this. From two quarters, vacillation, indecision, change of purpose have been attributed to him.—The radicals, among his supporters, blamed him for

being slow in striking at the root of the rebellion, and for doing it, finally, but in a half-way manner; the insurgents, and their sympathizers, charged him with yielding to the radical pressure, and abandoning his early declarations. Both thought he was more like the shifting sand, than the solid rock. Both were probably wrong, and attributed to his will what belonged to the slow, deliberate exercise of his judgment before coming to a decision. With more light than they had, with a heavier responsibility resting on him, and governed by different rules of action, he moved slowly, but surely, would take only those steps that his oath of office, and the exigencies of the hour, demanded; but when he had taken them he was immovable. When, in the beginning of the rebellion, sympathizers with the Southern movement demanded a suspension of hostilities, with the intimation that 75,000 Marylanders would contest the passage of loyal troops over their soil, he quietly remarked that he supposed there was room to bury 75,000 men there. After he had seen his way clear to emancipate, and had issued his proclamation, he declared in a message to Congress, "while I remain in my present position, I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any acts of Congress." And he more than once repeated the statement, adding that if the people should desire to have that done, they must secure another man to be the instrument of doing it. The representatives of the radical Germans of St. Louis, who had been badgering him to take the side of their faction against

Gov. Gamble and Gen. Schofield, in the report of an interview which he had with the President, made this, among other statements:—

"The President said that it may be a misfortune for the nation that he was elected President. But having been elected by the people, he meant to be President, and perform his duty according to *his* best understanding, if he had to die for it. No General will be removed, nor will any change in the cabinet be made, to suit the views or wishes of any party, faction or set of men. * * * * As to the want of unity, the President, without admitting such to be the case, intimated that each member of the cabinet was responsible mainly for the manner of conducting the affairs of his particular department; there was no centralization of responsibility for the action of the cabinet anywhere, except in the President himself."

He, therefore, boldly assumed the responsibility for every act of his administration, which he had approved or permitted. When the House of Representatives, after the resignation of Secretary Cameron, passed a resolution of censure on him for certain official acts, he sent a message to both Houses of Congress, briefly stating the facts of the case, and concluding with this declaration:—

"Congress will see that I should be wanting in candor and in justice, if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Mr. Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the Heads of Departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Mr. Cameron to say, that, although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President, but all the other Heads of Departments, were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises."

The one act of his administration which, perhaps, most strikingly exhibited his firmness and determination, was the retention of Mr. Seward in office. The prospects of the country appeared very dark; the policy of the Administration seemed to be too mild and halt-

ing; an influential portion of the party condemned it; Secretary Seward was regarded as its great exponent in the Cabinet, and as the one who had the greatest influence over the President; the Senators of the party, in a formal meeting, and by a formal resolution and committee, requested the President to make a change; a heavier pressure than that could scarcely be brought to bear on a man in his position; but his mind was made up; his views were well settled; he had faith in his policy; he remained steadfast; and the country, with the halo of martyrdom around the living Secretary, and the extraordinary success with which he has managed our foreign affairs, is thankful to God that he did stand firm. The conduct of the President and Secretary united, in the *Trent* affair, showed that they could be decided against popular clamor, as well as against the schemes of politicians. The seizure of Mason and Slidell roused the spirit of the people. They were excited enough, to be willing to run into a foreign war, in vindication of the act. The House of Representatives hastily passed a resolution endorsing it. The press of the country, with a total disregard of the principles of international law, as read in the light of our previous history, sustained the seizure, and advocated a war rather than the surrender of the traitors. But the act of Com. Wilkes was in contravention of that construction of international law, for which the American Government had contended. And, therefore, desirable as the possession of the pseudo-ambassadors was, the State Department would not do evil that good might come. Against the passions of an excited people, and with the charge of cowering, before the British lion, hanging over

them, the Administration gracefully and cheerfully yielded up the prisoners. A firm will operated there, to save the country, against its perverted will.

Abraham Lincoln was raised up, by God, for his special work, at this period of our national existence. His providential training fitted him for its accomplishment. There was not a trait in his character, but had special reference to some emergency. "Above all, the felicitous balance of qualities, through a moderation almost superhuman, and never before so essential to the welfare of a cause, stamped the man for the mission. Not more obviously was the character of Moses adapted to the office of primeval law-giver for the chosen people; not more clearly do the endowments of Dante signalize him as the poet ordained to bridge, with undying song, the chasm which separates the middle age from modern civilization;" not more clearly did "the mind, the manner, the disposition, the physical and spiritual gifts, and the principles of Washington, proclaim him the heaven-appointed chief, magistrate, man of America,"* than the peculiar qualities of our late President, show, that he was raised up, by God, for the great work of this age. It seems to me that, whether he expressed it in words or not, he believed that he was thus the divinely-appointed instrument to work out the salvation of his country; and that was the only additional element, that was needed, to make him surely successful. Having that, he had the characteristic which, in more or less perverted forms, has been the secret of success of many of the world's heroes. This, in a blasphemous form, bathed the mind of Mohammed in the fanaticism and

* Tuckerman's Biographical Essays, p. 17.

enthusiasm of an impostor, and inspired him with the energy that resulted in such immediate and tremendous success over the hot Arabian nature. Under the idea of fate, in a deistic form, it led Napoleon along, reckless and fearless of consequences; made him the scourge of Europe; and gave him possession, during the wars of his life, of the leading capitals of Europe. In a purer form, though still tinctured with enthusiasm, it was the governing idea of Cromwell's mind. Mr. Lincoln held it in an humble, reverential, Christian form. Hence his continued sense of dependence upon God, and the acknowledgment that, without his favor, he could not succeed. The Rev. Dr. Gurley says that he speaks what he knows, when he declares that "the guidance and mercy of God were the prop on which he habitually leaned," and that he had "a calm and abiding confidence in the overruling providence of God, and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God." No public man, in all our history, has made more repeated references to God and his direct interposition in human affairs. The constantly returning refrain of his speeches, on his route from Springfield to Washington, was this sentiment:—"I am sure I bring a true heart to the work. For the ability to perform it, I trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people. Without that assistance I should surely fail; with it I cannot fail." He would not issue the most momentous proclamation of his life, without invoking upon it the "gracious favor of Almighty God." He was always prompted, through recommendations to fasts and thanks-

givings, to bow beneath the frown of God, or to bask with joy in his favor. Over his conscience "brooded an ever present sense of responsibility to God and man, to his country and his race, which encircled his anxious brow with the halo of a prophet rather than the laurel of a victor." Speaking of his Emancipation Proclamation, he declared to the people of Baltimore, with great solemnity, that he had issued it upon a clear conviction of duty, "and I am responsible for it to the American people, to the Christian world, to history, and, on my final account, to God." This sense of responsibility pervaded his words. "In times like the present," said he, "men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and in eternity." He was anxious to know the will of God. When he was pressed to issue a proclamation of general emancipation, before he saw his way clear to do it, he declared, "I can assure you that the subject is on my mind by day and night more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do." And at a previous stage in the same conversation he said:—

"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and, perhaps, in some respects, both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is I will do it. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and, I suppose, it will be granted that I am not to expect a Divine revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right."

Those expressions show that his mind was not tainted

with fanaticism or enthusiasm. I suppose he felt persuaded, that God would in some way, through him, remove the great national curse from the land; and feeling assured of it, not in a fanatic but in an enlightened and humble way, he was able patiently to bide God's time, and do God's work in His way, without impiously putting forth his hand in an illegal manner, to hold up, or help on, the ark of freedom. After issuing his great proclamation, he declared to the people of Washington, "what I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God, I have made no mistake." The consciousness of this desire to do God's will, and the belief that he had a great work to do, made him hopeful; or if he ever yielded to despondency, he would not publicly exhibit it. He felt sure that the right would triumph, and he thought the right was committed to his hands. To a company of clergymen, at a very dark hour in the war, he said—

"Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justness and goodness of God. And when events are very threatening and prospects very dark, I still hope in some way, which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just, and God is on our side."

He believed that it was ordained, in the eternal counsels, of God, that he should succeed; and knowing that, in those counsels, the end and the means are immutably connected, with the true scriptural principle, he said in a letter to a meeting of unconditional union men in his own town, "let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result." He opened one of his

messages to Congress with a similar declaration: "While it has not pleased the Almighty to bless us with a return of peace, we can but press on, guided by the best light He gives us, trusting that in His own good time and wise way, all will be well." What an acknowledgment of the Divine sovereignty was there! And he carried it to the full extent of admitting that any amount of suffering which God should choose to inflict upon us, before bringing about the happy termination, would be just and right. We still hear the humble declaration of his second inaugural—

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that the mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

To the Christian people of America, filled with admiration as they are of their martyred President, the question is one of exceeding interest: did he die in the possession of saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? Upon him, as upon every human being, the guilt of sin rested, and his soul was tainted with its pollution. Nothing but his justification, through the atoning blood of Christ, and his regeneration, and sanctification, by the Almighty influence of the Holy Spirit, could take

him to heaven. The idea that has been more than once advanced, in various quarters, that patriotism, pure and simple, gives the right of admittance to heaven, to all who have fallen in the service of the country, in this righteous war, is unscriptural and soul-destroying. The liberation of four millions of slaves, with all the other mighty works that Abraham Lincoln accomplished, would not be sufficient to confer, upon the soul of any man, a passport to the happy clime. At the hour of death, for admittance there, the President of the United States, and the humblest slave to whom he gave his freedom, stand on a level. That Mr. Lincoln was a firm believer in God, and in the Bible as a revelation from God, is manifest. He was free from that atheism, in words, which marks so many of our statesmen. Unless his views had been strong, and his convictions decided, he would not have been able so habitually to recognize the presence and authority of the Most High. He must have come very much under the influence of the inspired book, to exhibit the beautiful character which you have gazed upon to-day. It appears further, from the statements of those who knew him, that he was a man of prayer. He was a careful student of the Bible. He declared not long ago, and, with the truthful character which belonged to him, no man can fairly doubt the declaration, that on the field of Gettysburg he gave his heart to Christ, and loved the Saviour. Nor I think, could any one fail to see, during the year preceding his decease, a very decided mellowing of his character, which had its public culmination in his second inaugural—the most remarkable State paper, because of its religious tone, which we have yet seen. We, therefore,

gladly indulge the hope, that the common operations of the Holy Spirit wrought in him the peculiar character which he all along exhibited; and at last that His efficacious influence had led him to cast his soul, with all its burthens, upon the crucified Lamb of God. Yet, with my views of the imperative obligation, resting upon every believer, to take up the cross and follow Christ publicly and in communion with fellow-believers, I would not be faithful, if I did not express the opinion, with the deepest of sorrow, that he grievously erred in not taking his place among the sacramental host of God's people ;* and further that Christians must regret exceedingly, that, even to please the multitude, he should have appeared, and met his death in a place, which the religious sentiment of the country condemns.

The military glories of President Lincoln's administration will form brilliant pictures on the pages of the future historian of America; but its political and moral results will be more enduring, and appear in brighter colors still. The eye of the philanthropist and Christian will delight to look upon these, more than upon

* Since sending the above to the printer, I have met in "Hours at Home," June, a statement by J. B. Carpenter, which blunts the edge of this kindly and reluctantly expressed censure, and which I insert here with much pleasure. Sometime during the last year of his life, after hearing from a lady a statement of what she regarded as the marks of a true religious experience, Mr Lincoln said: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity, that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my boy Willie died without realizing fully these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness, as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that change of which you speak, and I will further add, that it has been my intention for sometime, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

battles and campaigns, however far-seeing their plan, and splendid their execution. It has been the lot of no other man, within the space of four years, to be the instrument, directly or indirectly, of accomplishing such great, such beneficial achievements. It is proposed to raise monuments in his honor. Let them rise in every State; and, along with the unfinished one which is standing, in the national Capital, to his first and greatest predecessor in the Presidential office, on the banks of the Potomac, pile up stone on stone, higher and yet higher, until the lofty pyramids shall give an early salute to the morning sun, and receive from him his last evening kiss. But these, after all, are his best monuments. While life endures they shall not crumble, and beyond the ages they shall extend into the memory of eternity. In the hearts of the slaves whom thou hast freed, of the poor whites of the South who shall now reach a more elevated position, of thy countrymen whom thou didst lead on to the grandest of triumphs, and of the friends of human freedom everywhere, Oh! our exalted, glorified President,

"Thy name shall live while time endures,
And men shall say of thee,
He saved his country from its foes,
And bade the slave be free.

"These deeds shall be thy monument,
Better than brass or stone;
They leave thy fame in glories light,
Unrivalled and alone."

Where on the historic page, among the world's heroes, do they place him? My Christian sentiment shrinks from putting him in the same rank as the

inspired men of old, who wrought under a special Divine influence, such as no man receives now. I will not place him with Moses, or Joshua, or David. His reverential soul would rebuke the act. Nor, on the other hand, would I belittle him, by ranking him with any of the heroes of heathen antiquity, or even with those of the mediæval ages. But, since the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, there have been four revolutions, occurring in as many centuries, and intimately associated with each other, the succeeding, indeed, being the logical development of their predecessors, and necessary to the full carrying out of their principle. They are: the revolution in the seventeenth century, by which Holland was delivered from the civil and religious oppression of Spain, and the Dutch Republic was established; the English Revolution of 1689; the American Revolution of 1776; and now the American Revolution of our day, resulting from the Southern Rebellion. Each of these movements had its hero, who, in the great work which they accomplished, stand together, high up on the world's pedestal, though each with qualities different from the others, and the last having a very peculiar individuality of his own: William the Silent, the Liberator of Holland; William the Third, the Deliverer of England; George Washington, the Former of the American nationality; and Abraham Lincoln, the Redeemer and Regenerator of American freedom. William the Silent has had his admiring Motley to portray his brilliant work. William III has had his Macaulay. Washington has had his Irving. It will not be soon that Lincoln shall have

the historian who can do justice to him and his mission, for his work is one which, in its beauty and proportions, cannot be fully appreciated now. Its results shall go on widening and deepening through coming generations; and only when time shall be no more shall they appear in their full glory.

I scarcely know the history which affords such a contrast, as is exhibited, between the position now occupied by President Lincoln, and that of his great adversary. And yet, both men were born, in the same State, and the same year. The surroundings of Jefferson Davis were all in his favor. He received a liberal and scientific education, an important part of it at the expense of the United States Government, against which he basely turned. He was a man of decided intellectual ability. A very few years ago, when Mr. Lincoln was almost unknown beyond his own State, he was at the head of the national War Department. But the loss of political truthfulness led him into a plot, which has consigned him to eternal infamy; while Mr. Lincoln, guided all through life by the sincerity of an honest purpose, rose through difficulties the greatest, and circumstances the most unfavorable, to the highest position in America, and there died respected and lamented by the world of mankind. The one voice that sounds from the tomb of the dead martyr, and the tomb of the living traitor is, BE SINCERE, HONEST, TRUTHFUL.

The hope of the Messiah elevated the whole Hebrew sisterhood. True, only one woman could be the favored mother; no one, however, knew but that she, or some

descendant of her's, might be that one. Not one in ten thousand, of the boys of America, can become President of the United States; but the career, that has now commanded our attention, shows, that no one is too low in the social scale, to reach the exalted position. No parent can tell but that, from his or her family, the favored one may come. Let, then, the example of our good President send its purifying influence, through every household, and into every soul. Be ennobled, be stimulated, be elevated by it, oh, Americans. Place it among your Penates. To the extent to which you find it pervaded, by the spirit of Christ, take it to your hearts; live under its influence; grow up under its gentle, kindly, forcible, healthy stimulus. Consecrate yourselves anew to the great work which your leader carried on so successfully, and so live that, with the gracious favor of Almighty God, our government, which is now rendered sacred, not only by the blood of thousands of its sons, but by the pure life and the martyr death of Abraham Lincoln, may be perpetuated, from generation to generation, to the latest posterity. Oh! that God, in his infinite mercy, would so deal with our whole people, as to bring them out of this house of mourning, pervaded by the lofty principles which influenced the great departed; so that when his glorified soul shall come with Christ, to be re-united to the body, which now lies, cold and silent, in the cemetery at Springfield, but which shall then rise in an unspeakably beautiful form, his eye may light upon a nation still in existence, from which the truths of human freedom, and constitutional government, have radiated over

all the earth, and which, faithful to God, shall be looking for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness beneath the everlasting reign of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. To this end, as is now impressed on our coins, so we declare,

IN GOD WE TRUST.